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don't call them government spies


Prose & Poetry Against the
Criminal Justice Act by:

Susan Bell
Bobby Christie
P J Flaming
Alasdair Gray
Hugh Healy
Kathleen Jamie
James Havlin
Tom Leonard
Liz Watson
Alan Warner
Freddie Anderson
Edwin Morgan & others



**Don't Call Them Government Spies:
Prose & Poetry
Against the Criminal Justice Act**

**Edited by Jim Ferguson
& Andy Lewis**

**Scottish Defiance Alliance
in association with Neruda Press
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Introduction

It is not surprising that the writing contained here fluctuates from the urban to the rural and from the historical to the present day. The Criminal Justice and Public Order Act is so repressive that folk have been forced to think seriously about the political organisation and structure of government throughout what is presently known as the United Kingdom of Great Britain. As well as what rights they now have as subjects of that kingdom.

This represents one of the fiercest attacks on civil liberties this century. It covers a host of topics; this booklet deals with aspects which refer to the breach of fundamental human rights such as the right to protest, dissent and living alternative lifestyles. The writing and illustrations attempt to highlight the struggle of opposition to the Act.

The marked difference that the Act has made is to "legitimise" the state abuse of power and to "criminalise" those who fall foul of it. Although the Act has not been implemented widely in Scotland to date, it has been noted that there has been an escalation of Police attacks on political protests since the Act came into force.

It is because the Act in itself is so wide ranging in its powers of control that both rural and urban concerns find common ground. Almost everyone is under attack; from school teachers going on strike, to ravers dancing in the dead of night, to environmentalists protesting about anything at all. The Act covers so many different areas of life; from sexuality to rights of assembly, it is difficult to think of any individuals or groups for whom justice will be more equitably dispensed: the only exceptions being the usual wealthy landowners and national/international capitalists.

Writers and artists have a significant role to play in struggle. This kind of work contained here, in its toughness, humour and irony, helps folk understand what the fight for justice and freedom is about: and that struggles everywhere are linked.

We hope this booklet is both entertaining and informative. It is

intended as a gesture of solidarity with those struggling against poverty, oppression, bigotry and censorship in these islands and around the world.

*

On 27 September 1994 a meeting was called by Scottish Militant Labour attended by various groups opposed to the Bill (Environmentalists, Anarchists, Nationalists, Community Activists, Socialists, Trade Unionists, Anti-Nuclear protesters and other single issue campaigners). All these groups had a vested interest in fighting the Bill and formed the Scottish Alliance Against the Bill. We believe that the Act has not been implemented widely in Scotland so far because of the activities of SAAB (now Scottish Defiance Alliance) and others, organising three large demonstrations between October 18 1994 and February 25 1995. The first -on the eve of the third reading of the Bill in parliament- saw illegal defiance demos throughout Scotland in Inverness, Aberdeen, Dundee, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

On the 5th of November -two days after the Bill was passed in the Commons- 5,000 people marched through Glasgow city centre in opposition to the Act. Then on the 25th of February 3,500 folk marched seven miles from the centre of Glasgow to Pollok Free State, so linking with the protest against the building of the M77 motorway through the south of the city.

Also two other demos organised by the Coalition Against the Bill took place in Glasgow on November 12th 1994 and in Edinburgh on the 21st of January 1995.

*

Thanks to all who helped with & contributed to this publication.

Jim Ferguson & Andy Lewis, 1st of May 1995.

Dedicated
To all those prepared to break the "law"
in the struggle for freedom and dignity

BACK TO BASICS - RATIONING IN THE 90's

Susan Bell

In November 1994, the Conservative Government, having assured us that it did not wish to be dictatorial by telling us what to eat, then proceeds to issue new directives not only telling us WHAT to eat but also how MUCH of it, They call these 'guidelines'.

According to them the average person consumes 3 slices of bread daily. How do they know this and how much taxpayers' money was wasted unearthing this dubious fact? In the light of this information and with typical Tory generosity, they have increased the official daily intake to 4½ slices. (Why 4½, why not 5?) The cynics among us will put this down as a blatant Conservative ploy to gain a vote or to the existence of a Hovis mountain.

As yet, there has been no official advice on the allowed thickness of the slices. This will be a constant source of worry for people as the queue in the City Bakeries waiting to have their small bloomers sliced. Is it cheating to have our loaf thick-cut? Can you have an extra slice if it's cut thinly?

The half slice is going to cause problems. Couples can join theirs together and take turns having 5 slices every second day. But there may well be a bread and butter pudding revival as thrifty folk find ways of using them up. Pigeons will be better fed.

Summer will bring the added predicament for picnickers of being forced to use up their weekly slice allowance at one sitting and doing without for the rest of the week. By then, the Criminal Justice Act, new Trespass Laws and the limitations on the bread front may have turned the hapless picnicker, packing the wrong amount of sandwiches, into a dangerous criminal. All because some people are a couple of slices short of an egg-mayonnaise sandwich.

Not content with just the bread situation, the Tories have good

news for us concerning biscuits. We can have 3 of them each day. No-one has mentioned eggs at all. Previously, the rule regarding eggs was only 2 per week Any more and you were in danger of ruining Your health permanently. However, in the event of an egg glut, this figure may have been revised. As it was when eggs themselves were found to be a health hazard.

Recently, large quantities of cheese and tins of Euro mince were distributed amongst the deserving poor in an attempt to reduce the tons of over-produced, subsidised food taking up valuable warehouse space the length and breadth of the country.

Never, ever, have bottles of wine been handed out to the poor and needy to reduce the Euro wine lake. Although there were tentative steps taken to assure us, from a medical point of view, that one or two glasses of red wine a day won't do any harm and indeed might be beneficial to the health and well-being of the individual. Unless, of course, the cheeky little number happens to be Buckfast Tonic Wine.

The famous Buckfast Abbey where the monks, between their devotions and prayers for our sins, have cheaply and plentifully brewed their famous fortified wine. With only the might of the Good Lord behind them, they have turned Buckfast into a £10 million business empire. This should come as no surprise as the Almighty, famous for his loaves and fishes routine, would not lend His good name to an inferior product.

Note also; the Criminal Justice Act will not allow the 5,000 to gather, never mind be fed. Much time will be wasted counting out and allotting the 4½ slices and 3 biscuits per person. There will be no fish. The tons of superfluous fish that are trawled from the oceans' depths can simply be used as fertiliser and animal feed to produce the previously mentioned spare tins of Euro beef. All of which is mince.

Not to be outdone, the important folk at the City Chambers, busy as they are with the problems of night-clubbers unhygienically drinking out of beer bottles and staying up too late at night, have turned their attention on the industrious monks. It is their educated opinion that the monks of Buckfast Abbey are solely responsible for the young

and unemployed hanging about the streets drinking and making the place look untidy.

The worthy councillors et al are incensed by the heady combination of religion, profit and the demon drink. This provides them with the perfect vehicle to stand up, drive around and wave from. If 'just causes' were cars, this would be a popemobile.

On the television, Monklands MP Helen Liddell sets off, in high dudgeon, to slap the wrists of the diligent monks and bring them to book. She arrives at the Abbey, amid a flurry of press photographers. There is not a single monk to be seen.

Cut to: an area of wasteground strewn with empty bottles and Super Lager cans, other rubbish and the remains of several small fires. Nearby are some council houses. A seven foot high wall cuts across this barren spot,

An irate councillor, moustache bristling, stands in front of the wall. He indicates the rubbish, the empty bottles. He points to the houses and he worries about the **poor** (sic) council tenants having to put up with the mess and the noise. He tells us how upset he would be if he lived there. THAT much is true.

He puts the whole sorry picture down to the cheapness and availability of Buckfast Tonic Wine. Moustache quivering self righteously, he waves his arms, pointing everywhere but at the REAL problems. Worse, he expects us to believe this nonsense.

All of which beg the following questions; Why has this wasted bit of land not been made into a swingpark or a pleasant spot where people, on their way back from the community centre with their tins of Euro mince, can sit and enjoy the view? And, if there is a problem with discarded drink containers, why, what better place for a can and bottle bank. As far as all the other rubbish is concerned, what happened to the wee man with the pointed stick?

Most importantly of all; Why are they not paying Carlsberg or Tennants a visit to complain about their very popular cans of Super Lager?

Back to MP Liddell. It transpires that the invisible monks of

Buckfast Abbey have not only invisibly run a non-alcoholic youth club but also have been quietly donating hard cash to various other anti-drink good causes. Egg on faces all round.

Which leaves the question; What is the official recommended weekly egg in the face allowance?

January 1995.

***The unmarked grave of the earmarked wage slave**

P J Flaming

Teacher says: Joanie, what do you want to be when you grow up? Joanie says: Well.. gee.. i dunno.. i guess i want to be a WAGE SLAVE just like my dear ol' ma.

Come on down
Catch the old wave
We got something
That you crave
Just knuckle down and behave

Close the ranks
Sharpen the files
And join the wage slaves!

Lotsa roads we need to pave
Privatization is the rave
Grab a shovel
Don't you shirk
Just get to friggin' work

We've balanced the budget
Don't you fudge it 'Cuz it's wages and welfare that YOU gave
Just so Gillete could make a clean shave
Look himself in the mirror and say
"I liked it so much...I bought the whole country."

Just bite the bullet and be brave
'Cuz ain't no money you gonna save
when you're a wage slave

Don't blame us
Quit makin' a fuss
'Cuz it's jobs and benefits that YOU gave
Don't you quaver
'Cuz if you do
We'll just waiver
Away your right
To put up a fight
Create a bill for 'just us'
Sell it to you as justice

Close the ranks
Sharpen the files
And join the wage slaves

All you ladies
Starve at home and have lotsa babies
Your free labour
we will savour
If you gals want a job
don't sit on your pretty butts and sob

Sew some pieces
Serve fast food
The womanly work will do you good

And if ANY of you
dare to dream
that some day you'll
get some of our cream
Just remember God supreme
& pray for a place beyond the grave
'Cuz we ain't never ever
and I mean never
let you be nuthin'
but a wage slave

Close the ranks
Sharpen the files
And join the wage slaves

Solstice

James Havlin

This year's Stonehenge Festival, from June 17 to June 22, will feature the main bands playing on the last three days. The bill, which has yet to be finalised and will be extensively added to, so far includes: Hawkwind, Omega Tribe, Action Pact, Popular History of Signs, Barracudas, Tony McPhee, Sam Mitchell, The Skiffle Band, The Impossible Dreamers, Ekone, Arizona, Snake Review, Poison Girls and the Nuclear Regulatory Commission.

Melody Maker, June 11, 1983.

*

Stonehenge before the road-blocks, and injunctions, and exclusion zones; before the helicopters and the cops dressed in riot gear.

*

A voice I don't recognise: "It's s'posed to bring good luck."

My eyes, sealed with tiredness, I blink them open, stick my head out the tent: a lassie with hair that looks like day-glo seaweed talking to Ellie. The lassie hoicks up her tee-shirt and displays a wobble of pregnant stomach. Tattooed, a design in black -difficult to make out-circling her belly button. Possibly two fish. Dolphins maybe. Ellie says, "Hope it does."

There's a kind of funny calm across the site: a dog yelps, two hippies share a spliff and tap on bongos, weans run helter-skelter round the remains of a fire. Quiet, certainly, by the standards of last night.

Ellie sees me awake and waves, wagging her fingers, and I waggle mine in return. She says something else to the lassie, gets up, and walks over to me; a breeze flapping the dress she's wearing against her body.

She sits down, cross legged, "You all right?"

"Aye, yeah, fine. I think."

"Who's this guy Ritchie Havens?"

"Played Woodstock apparently." I stretch out, yawn. "Seem to remember he did a set here last year."

"That girl says he might show up here today."

"She mention what other acts are on?"

"Yeah. All sorts of obscure stuff. Forget the names."

"What else'd she say?"

"What'd she not say? Mushroom tea's fifty pence. The speed's dodgy. Something about ley-lines and someplace in Dorset that's meant to be the centre of the universe. A whole lotta stuff."

Ellie looks me straight in the eyes, all serious. "Do you think this place is weird?"

"Aye. That's what I love about it. Y'know me- party before the bomb drops and all that. What d'you reckon?"

"Dunno. I think maybe it's not. Maybe it's everywhere else that's actually weird. Like Tufnell Park was weird, the whole of London's weird. Glasgow's weird."

"You're sounding like the convoy folk already."

"May-bee," she says, hardly above a whisper. She seems to debate something in her head. "Like I was kind of dreading coming here. I used to think if you lived in a city, you stayed there. I thought you had to deal with it. You didn't just tie-dye your clothes, paint peace signs on a van and drift."

"And now?"

"And now? Who knows? Maybe I'm seeing it is another possibility: albeit with contradictions."

"Contradictions?"

"Aye; like the way everybody's selling stuff: candles, passion fruit drinks, superman acid, haircuts: it's like a dropouts' version of the Barras."

"But you don't mind staying on for a while?"

She gives her left shoulder a wee shrug, and nods. "I'd like to."
I blow out my cheeks, snort, smile, begin to laugh- then- when she raises her eyebrows, force the laugh into a cough. "We could jump into Amesbury right now if you fancy. Sign on. Get us some food tokens."

"Food tokens?"

"Uh hu. You get a choice: food tokens for a big supermarket in Salisbury, or else some wee cafe or other."

"Okay," she says. "First, though, I think you better put on some trousers."

"You won't regret staying on." I say. I'm grinning again; smug, I bet, as a crappy Saturday night quiz-show host. But I don't care. I'm happier than I've been for ages. "No way will you regret staying on."

*

*before the road blocks and injunctions,
before the exclusion zones and helicopters,
and before the cops dressed in riot gear,*

SEMAPHORE

Jim Ferguson

We're incommunicado on the concrete, the two of us lying here flat on our backs, and feeling the cold, the cold concrete and the cold feet passing. There are good things about being on your back; see the sky no problem and peoples' heads from the neck up. That's interesting, cause then you can try and imagine their bodies; you know, fat, thin, long legs, short legs, that kind of idea; maybe what colour their trousers or skirts might be and you might even be able to see up the odd skirt but that almost never happens. Shoes are without question the best things to speculate on; cause once you've got a head or face fixed in your sight it's only a simple turn of the head, so that the ear is against the concrete and you've got them, the shoes are in sight. As often as not you are congratulating yourself on the accuracy of the prediction. Takes a while though, a while lying on your back to get that proficiency, to develop that level of precision. It can be a task of great difficulty too, if you've just attempted a guess and got it wrong as often as not that's the person who says - *are you awright, do you want a hand up*, and of course you don't do you. The chances of somebody saying that though are fantastically reduced when there's two of you, two, lying backs against the concrete in the shopping centre. Then the only folk really interested in what you think you might be doing are the police. Also, and again more often than not, two people can get a longer spell at lying undisturbed provided of course the police don't happen along.

Just here for a game at guess the shoe officer! They look at you as if you are in need of psychiatric treatment. Yet guess the shoe has to be a better game than golf. But then you just move. And movement is possible when necessary. By yourself, or with others, and I like to move by myself into a wooded area, move about, do what takes you, there's no feeling of desert then, the place you really get a feeling of

desert is on the concrete. It makes all that concrete jungle stuff seem absurd. Desert is the thing that concrete is, not jungle at all. I can say that with some authority, having been close enough to concrete for long enough know what I'm talking about; moving in the bushes, that's possibly jungle, say you're running, right aye, running really running, fast as you can go, then you feel the stinging cause you've passed through nettles and not even noticed, you can't even remember having passed through nettles cause you've been running in the bushes and your mind has been moved somehow, all you know is that you have been moving, fast, fleet of foot, furious fast and amazing, you stop and you're on grass, maybe a small clearing with only a few trees around, what might be called sparse woodland even, and you've ran through nettles but having been so concentrated on the running that nettles don't come into it, this is maybe half an hour later and you've stopped in this wee clearing, sparse woodland even, and it's only then you begin to notice the first wee twinge, and Jesus you look down and the legs are in a terrible state, so you have to retrace the steps, carefully, look at what you've been through, where you have been, know exactly where you have come from and what you've been through. And that sorted out satisfactorily it's time for the business with the docken leaf; a leaf which is getting rarer these days; a great soother of the stinging though and you're off, running again, you feel incredible, brilliant and alive and you're running and the next thing you hit concrete, hit concrete and lie down flat on the back watching faces, faces and shoes and hoping you might happen across an accomplice; because some things are fine done alone but others need company if they're to be successful; that's important, what is? success. Not often somebody says brilliant I failed, I'm happy as hell, feel marvellous, ah failure what fulfilment; a problem: the problem is the problem of everything being a problem; no problem, take a note of that problem, two notes aye twonotes! Try solving it later, a lot later. /problems were made to rotate and expand/ apply malice and reason and they go/ for a wee holiday/ lie low for a couple of year or so. And then they're back, bad penny repetitive offender irksome fucking

things. It's not abstract anymore. I say that to the police, they look at me as if I'm stupid. Stupid! They're the folk not comprehending what is being said. It's not abstract anymore because you're handling an actual person. The police have got their clean hands on you and you are an actual human being: you won't catch them - ah wondering and ah wandering, as the song goes. Clean hands are not so interesting it's what is being done with the hands, the physical movement, the physical movement of the extremities, under orders, orders from the brain, which is under orders from another brain, and another, and another no doubt and no doubt another. To move against those of us who prefer being flat; backs against the concrete. To exercise authority and force against people like me.

ACRES of ROOM (& kitchens)

Hugh Healy

We got some news about my uncle Willie the other day. Willie Cairns that is. My cousin Margaret saw an article about two forgotten heroes of the first world war who's medals were still in the Cameron Highlander's museum in Hamilton. One of them was a Private William Cairns who had been decorated by King George the Vth in 1914 and then again in 1916. Margaret made enquiries and sure enough it was my uncle Willie. A real hero right enough, and quiet about it too. He and I got drunk together dozens of times, and he never mentioned being decorated by His Majesty, I wonder why. It's not as though he was a quiet man. We used to laugh a lot about his exploits on the Hunger Marches in the 1930s, when men from many parts of Britain marched to The Houses of Parliament in London to demand the right to work. A worker, as well as a fighter my uncle Willie Cairns. He'd even went to America in 1922 to try and get work; coming home again in 1934 because things were as bad if not worse over there.

Willie had been born and reared in a room and kitchen in Thistle Street in the Gorbals before joining the army in 1914. He'd shared the one bed-roomed flat with his parents, his sister Jean and his brother John who was killed fighting for his country in 1916. A flat the same as my father and his family had rented in the nearby Calton district. My father had fought in the war too, but the King didn't give him any medals, well not personally. He did have a big wide scar from his knee to his groin, my father, but the King didn't give him that either, well not personally.

Being a Schoolboy in the period between the end of the first world war and the start of the second world war, I grew up on tales of the bravery of the Scottish Regiments: The Glasgow Highlanders; The Argyles; The H.L.I. and the many others. I learned that the Duke of Argyll owned thousands of acres of the most beautiful parts of

Scotland. At King George the VIth's Coronation I was taken (by the school) on a paddle Steamer down the Clyde, I was eight years old and have never forgotten the breath-taking beauty of my country. Oh beg pardon, The Duke of Argyll's country.

At religious studies I was told God made the world in six days and on the seventh day he rested. I used to wonder, What did God do on the eighth Day? Did he have a big Auction Sale?. Probably waited till the tenth day, Wednesday. That's the favourite market Day. On that day he must have sold Argyllshire to the Duke's Great-great-great etc etc. Grandfather? Did the First Duke have to outbid Alec Douglas-Home's Great-great-great etc etc. Grandfather? So old Douglas-Home had to settle for all the land down round about the borders?. Poor old soul. And if they did buy it honestly, who did they pay the money to? 'Cause god was up in the sky: unless he came down on Wednesdays for land auctions. And another thing: Where's the fucking receipt? If the auld Duke was smart enough to acquire all that land, he surely was smart enough to get a receipt.

But to get back to uncle Willie's medals. We will accept that everybody should fight for their country. But is it right that uncle Willie, who didn't even own the wee room and kitchen, with the outside toilet, should have to fight as hard as the Duke of Argyll with his thousands of acres? If Uncle Willie, (with his wee room and kitchen) fought hard enough to earn two medals from the King. How hard would the Duke of Argyll (with his thousands of acres) have to fight? I'll tell you. After they'd made all his medals, there wouldn't be enough metal left in the country to make another tank, or even a wee gun. And that might not be a bad thing. The tragedy of the whole thing is, we learned about uncle Willie's Medals in the same week that this Criminal Justice Act became law. After all Willie's fighting, his grandchildren will be prevented from rambling on the beautiful Argyllshire hills, or even protesting with the grandchildren of other heroes, against injustice.

Aye, there's still a lot of fighting to be done.

Just William? (or A fair cop?)

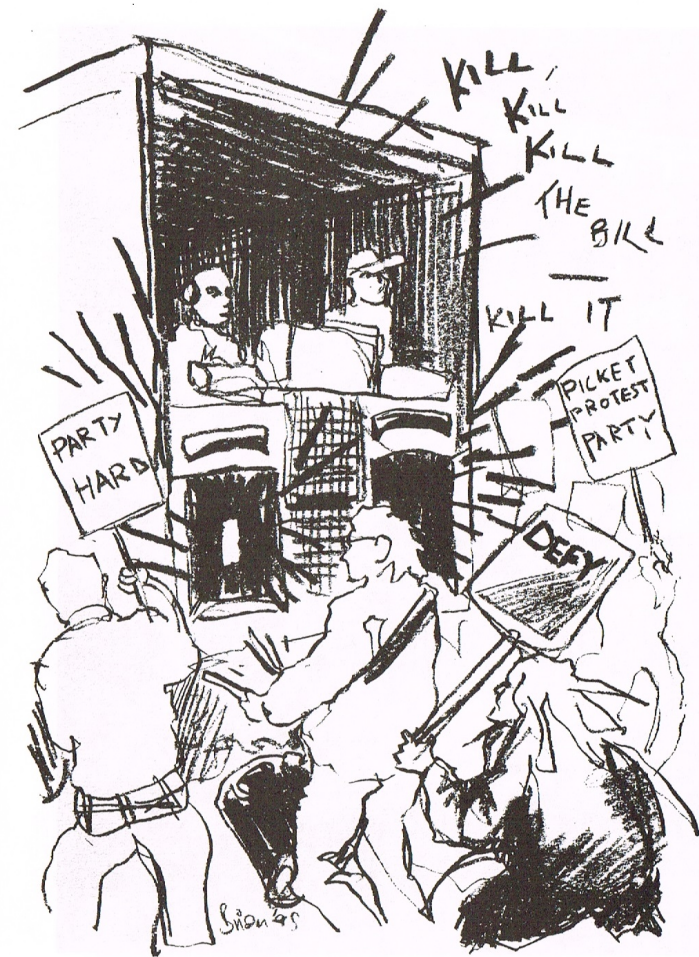
Kelvin Mason

William is a young man, good heart and noble mien
Wants to stop fox hunting, thinks it's cruel - obscene
Ventures out on Boxing Day to make his feelings clear
Stands before the huntsmen, shouts - *No killing here*
Blonde Police stand in Arian lines, ready for the fray
Pissed off to be on duty on a public holiday
William wears a nose stud, his hair is dyed bright blue
The Police take a dislike to him, and to her and YOU
They see that William's different, doesn't really fit
Drag him from the line - *the spongin' little git*
What's yer fuckin' name son - they caution him with blows
Admonish him with truncheons, break his *pooftah's* nose
William - splutters William through a sea of salty blood
'ansome name that son - they trample him in the mud
They leave William bruised and beaten, lying very still
Leave him with a message - *that's criminal justice Bill*



THE REAL
CRIMINALS
WEAR SUITS

First



A Letter from Alasdair Gray

Dear Jim Ferguson

I'm sorry to be two months late answering your request for a contribution to "Against the Law"*. I have been unable to invent any interesting verse, story, playlet or essay against the Criminal Justice Bill and the only rant I can think of against it is a string of curses. When the Westminster government and opposition agree to yet another law which contradicts the provisions of the English Magna Carta - when freedoms the nineteenth century took for granted are ruled obsolete and the only ones to complain are ignored or referred to as a lunatic fringe by the news services - we are in a state where my language fails me.

Yours sincerely

Alasdair Gray

* "Against the Law" was the working title of this booklet.

3 Poems by Stephen Mungall

don't worry

it's alright
we have t.v and beer in the taps
and plastic and power and police
and punishments for the guilty
and ropes to hang on
when it goes wrong
again

hollow society

hollow society
scooped out from the inside
last throw of the dice
the final act
to save the skin
perhaps shouting won't help
invade their homes
buy you and sell you
backed by law
must stop
violently

joe public

heads in holes
refusing to watch carefully
stroking their precious stones
feel them crumble
only sirens for company
pleasant protective sound
friendly faces
stop the blank eyed hoards
gaining access to property of course it doesn't belong to them
I own my own darkness
all this dust belongs to me
a safe hole is a happy hole
black light is safe
freedom will harm my stash
give more power to keep silence
I want to hear sirens and count my dust in peace

Before the 1820 rising in the West of Scotland a network of govern-

don't call them government spies

call them MI5
call them MI6
call them special branch
call them the anti-terrorist squad
call them F1, F2, F3, F4, F5, F6 right through to 12
call them counter-insurgency

don't mention them
keep quiet about them
refuse to discuss how much money's spent
refuse to discuss what they do
swear everyone to secrecy

call them Intelligence

call the critics "unpatriotic"
call the critics "a security risk"
call the critics "conspiracy theorists"
call the critics "traitors"

call the critics *paranoid*

ment spies enforced the Com- bination Acts against assembly

Tom Leonard First Poster Poem against The Criminal Injustice Bill

The Ravers the Krishnas & the Hunt Saboteurs

Alan Warner

Resplendent in surf gear and Italian jackets the ravers sat on pub benches in front of the ploughed fields. Inside the pub, hunt sabs and the raver's top men were agreeing a price to provide all-day-protection against the BNP minders the landed would employ to protect the hunt.

Just before they set out, a strange sound carried on the wind from the east. Or was it the north? Around the corner of the lane, banging drums and chanting the mantra, wearing orange robes, came a sizeable procession of Krishnas.

A few of the younger ravers skipped in behind the procession pretending to follow it as the Krishnas chanted off downhill towards the clear weather of the next village's church spire. Then the sound of the spectacle faded.

The younger ravers sat back down to finish their pints then everyone started boarding the mini-buses. But they were tired after an overnight journey and their clothes were going to get ruined in the countryside and the day's battle was still ahead, out there, across the fields. There were more than a few of the ravers who wanted to just follow the orange robes down the hedged lanes to the peace of the next village.

Untitled

Liz Watson

Ah went fur a walk up the hills wan day,
A felt ah hud tae get away,
Frae the hussle an' bussle o' city life,
Ma squad o' weans, an ma naggin wife!

Ah felt the hills wiz the place tae be,
Tae tan ma super, an' ma bottle o' EL-D,
Ah sat on a hilltop for an' oor ur two,
Drinkin ma cargo, an' admirin' the view.

When aw'i'a sudden, whit dae ye think?
Am surrounded bi pigs, an' thae urni pink!
Thae came oot frae nae-where, an quick as a flash,
The cuffs wur on, an' thae gied me a bash!

Thae saed "Wur daen ye', an that is a fact",
Yer Brekkin' the Criminal Justice Act.
It gies us the power tae dae whit we want,
So get in the van, an' don't gie's yer chant!

We got tae the Station, thae read me ma right -
Ma right fur tae huv a cell fur the night!
Nae cludgie, nae blanket, lights oot in an' oor,
Aw cause thae think am a hunt sabateur!!

In court the nixt mornin', the Judge bangs his hammer
"I give you 3 months, banged up in the slammer!"
3 month later, am released frae Bar-L,
Ah gie hame tae the wife, an' she gie's me hell.

Ma faither had died, an staunin at the grave,
Ma family's accused of attendin' a rave!!
They're huckled away by the Boys In Blue,
Next time this happens, it might happen tae you!!

So rambles and ravers staun up an' protest,
The hunt saboteur, keep doin' yer best,
Hill walkers an' travellers through-oot the land,
It's time fur us aw tae make a stand.

Let's kill the Bill, afore it's too late,
'Cause we don't want no Polis State!!

U.F.O. Captain Reporting To Base

From "Paging the Police" by *Freddie Anderson*

We landed near London and scanned the scene. Apart from it's army -which has lost nine-tenths of its exploited empire, and is sent by the yank controlled 'United Nations' to all the strange corners of the planet earth- the creatures called Policemen are the most organised and aggressive force in this small island. Occasionally they show themselves as 'harmless bobbies on the beat', but when they are called upon by the capitalists and their lackey government to smash a few working class skulls (such as the coal miners), they do it with zeal and their ugly faces glow with sadistic delight.

Next to Lawyers, Hack-Journalists, and Radio/TV Broadcasters, the Police are the most experienced liars in Britain. Some of their lies have sent good innocent people to the gallows or to many long years of imprisonment.

If ever by their wickedness we are forced to attack the earth, we must have a complete round up of the imbecilic morons. We cannot hope to brain-wash them because they have no brains to wash.

two rustic tales fae a far flung country

Rab Fulton

1

Alan Stewart
Scottish Oaffiss
minister a transport
dispalyin exemplarary
maturity declared
"it wiznae me
ah wiznae there
its no ma pickaxe
no ma poll tax
no ma criminal justice act
christ naw
sno ma baw
ahm aff
no playin
fuck yeez!"

a labour spokesman
 defiantly declared
 "we the new
 model labour party
 (Scottish Region)
 are definitely
 committed to makin
 a policy statement
 sometime in the future
 about the possible
 restrictin of the use
 of lethal weapons
 against protesters
 whilst preserving
 the right of captains
 of caring capitalism
 to expand their industries
 thus spreading
 social justice amongst
 the alienated home owning
 floating middleclass voter

Honest!
 Thankyou. Goodnight
 and God Bless Ulster!"

Fergus and Shona

Kathleen Jamie

from a longer essay

Fergus and Shona bought for a few hundred pounds, an ex-school bus with 'sponsored by PK foods' painted down its side, and 'welcome aboard!' and a notice to the effect that anyone who got pissed and then threw up must pay the driver \$5 toward cleaning. They cranked the destination board round till it read 'mystery tour'.

It's hard to communicate with them. Postcards arrive with poste restante addresses, or care of farmhouses. Cryptic messages: 'we meant to leave Angus, but whoops, no brakes!' Brakes, transmission, suspension cost money; though Fergus seems increasingly competent at either repairing, or knowing who can. They have their own net-work of fixers and menders. They are not 'New Age' in the American airy fairy sense. I once remarked to Fergus that I'd heard of a mechanic who used a dowsing pendulum to detect faults in an engine. He retorted, like the Lowland Scot he is, that any half-competent mechanic had no need of dowsing, he should just look and listen.

They went to Ireland, and came back with the bus repainted green. It's not like a bus now, of course, not inside. All the seats except the driver's are gone, and Fergus has panelled the walls in tongue-and-groove. Half the windows are covered, so it's more like a cabin than a green-house. There's a kitchen area, with a sink, and a pump to bring water from a tank outside, there's a calor-gas stove, and herb plants on the pantry-shelves. Shona has a desk for her jewellery-making. There's a living area, with a carpet, a bed-settee of our sisters' and chairs, and a neat wood-burning stove. The bedroom is divided off, a bright yellow Indian curtain serving as door; they have books and tapes, hangings and pictures, cards and bright blankets. It's warmer than anywhere I've lived in my adult life.

Our mum quite enjoys anything that will get the neighbours talking.

Fergus' 'hippy-bus' pulled up in our Wimpey scheme does just that. When they were at the annual gathering at Dunsinane, I took a turn over to visit and found them at the top of a hill, up to their axles in mud. It was a medaeval scene of wood-smoke, dogs, assorted dwellings in a clearing. We sat chatting on the bus, Fergus rolled his cigarettes from a painted tin. We watched a police-woman tripping through the glaur, and as usual we got talking about the rumours and stories that are rife on travellers' sites. Anecdotal evidences, alarm and outrage. Item: the social workers who were itching to remove a traveller's children so sent a doctor to examine them. The doctor reported that he'd never before had the pleasure of meeting such healthy curious kids. Item: the other doctor who told a pregnant woman that 'people like her shouldn't have children.' Item: the police just coming about, without a word, toting a video camera, noting faces and vehicles and registration plates. Item: local louts at night, waving shotguns. Item: the traveller who went to visit her Dad, parking her vehicle outside his home. Within an hour the police were at the door, saying, 'it's alright sir, we'll deal with it.'

'This is my daughter,' the man protested. The police replied, this time with menace, 'it's alright Sir, we'll deal with this.'

The mud that day was awful. Fergus showed me his handiwork: he's a time-served welder, and though he didn't grieve too hard when he was laid off, the skills are useful. He'd had to climb into the boot of the bus, cut a hole from the back wall of the boot to get access to the strongest part of the chassis, there to fix a chain so they could haul the bus out. At festivals, he said, there are travellers with tow-trucks, who make a living hauling other travellers' vehicles out the mire.

*

Everyone was delighted when they told us Shona was pregnant. When I hugged her, she smelt of wool and wood-smoke. She had a scan, while staying at the less-than-lovely travellers site at Gorebridge. The police had arrived, making a big show of counting heads. They

shifted to Argyll and pitched in a quiet lay-by. To visit them, we drove down single track roads, the headlights of our van picked out sheep asleep on the road, an owl on a fence-post. They shared the lay-by with one other vehicle. Its occupant had just split with his girlfriend and consoled himself with loud techno music. By then Shona was so heavy with the baby, that even she, mildest of women, asked him please to stop. We camped beside the bus and woke to a beautiful view of Arran. It was early summer, a few tourists passed, slowing down to get a good look at the green bus. Most were friendly, and waved. There were public toilets a mile away, with hot water, and the woman in the local shop was delighted with Fergus and Shona. She announced they were the first 'new-age travellers' she'd ever met, and gave them cabbages from her garden.

Shona said she was 'negotiating' with the local cottage hospital. In short, she refused to be driven all the way to Glasgow when in labour. When her time drew near, they shifted closer to the hospital, to a clearing in a forest where they knew the neighbours.

Fergus called from a phone box about 8 one morning, wild and high, beyond fatigue. He'd been there the 27 hours of her labour, a girl, six pound, 7am; both fine. Or was it seven pounds at 6am? Who knows, who cares; they were well, a girl, he was a dad. My sister and I called each other just to say the word 'auntie'. Our dad called so he could hear the word 'grandad'.

I thought we'd never get there, the pissing Argyll rain. Never get there, never find them, never see this baby. It took forever. The Co-op in Lochgilphead, a track, a dripping forest, a drive up into cloud toward a farmhouse, the green bus and Fergus jumping down to welcome us, still high, dad of three days, their dog was just as crazy.

The bus was full of flowers, a flowering plant sat on top of the little TV, cards on the bookshelf and window ledge. The rain drummed on the roof. Fergus piled some more wood on the stove. 'Shona's resting' he said, so we spoke in excited whispers till she called us. Their baby, Cara, lay furred and newborn, beside her mum in the cosy bed-space behind the Indian curtain, in a brand-new carrier.

Of course a stream of relatives came, Shona's folks, our folks, My mother brought her mother, now, great-Granny, down the forest tracks. Nana had raised our mother in a two-room tenement with no bathroom or hot water. Shona's doctor had muttered something about sending a baby home to a place without facilities. Shona told him she'd as many 'facilities' as his granny would have had. Shona moved painfully, and smiled her pretty smile. She said Fergus was wonderful. 'What was it like?' I asked him. He shook his dreadlocks... 'it just... it just... blew my mind!' He took his baby on his knee. 'My wee princess.' Gifts have arrived. Our mother sent a safety seat for when the bus is in motion. Shona's mother had knitted a bizarre baby-grow with a hood. Growing out of the hood are antlers. Knitted stuffed antlers. Fergus cracks up over this. 'Isn't it brilliant? She can wear it to her first Festival.'

The Lawgivers

Edwin Morgan

Ye needny think tae congregate
Tae plot the ruin o the state,
For we're the boays that legislate,
We've gote ye taped.
Ye better no go temptin fate:
D'yese aw wahnt raped?

City centres mean nae messin.
Cameras pit an end tae guessin.
Aw's wan, confessin or no confessin,
The video
Has gote each law-abider's blessin,
As weel ye know.

So there ye go, an there ye go,
We'll ay be watchin where ye go,
An psychic polis here below
Will stoap an search
If ye look ower lang in a window
Or gie a lurch.

An dinny hink tae haud yer tongue
In coort, ma mannie, we've gote ye stung.
Silence is guilt, an ye'd aw be hung
If Ah'd ma wey,
But that's no yit, we'll knoak that bung
Oot by-an-by.

And *aggravated trespass* watch it!
Ravers, saboteurs'll catch it.
We're onto ye, an we'll no botch it.
Ony sic rabble
Gies us a buzz jist as we scotch it,
The scruffy habble.

Welre goanny get a bit of order.
We've hud enough o soss an sordor.
We're here tae suss oot every border
Ye wahnt tae cross,
And mine it. It'll no be hauder
Tae see who's boss.

from *an Interview with John La Rose*

As this booklet was launched on International Workers Day 1995 we remember something of the history of May Day, John La Rose explains-

In Trinidad, we always publicised the history of May Day- I haven't seen this here. We published this so workers knew why the event was important and why workers were demonstrating. We also, in Trinidad, fought and won the battle for the May Day demonstration to be on the first of May and not the first Sunday afterwards. The history of May Day is the struggle for 8 hour day. This started in the United States and ended up in the 'Battle of Chicago' in May 1886 where workers were killed.

The women in the textile mills in the USA put forward this demand for a 10 hour day, leading eventually to the 8 hour day, as long as ago as the 1840's. The New England textile workers, although mostly women, belonged to the New England Working Mens' Association formed in 1844, and the demand for an 8 hour day became an international demand in 1864 when it was adopted by the International Working Mens' Association: 8 hours for rest and recreation, 8 hours for sleeping and 8 hours for working.

John La Rose is the European representative of the Oilfield Workers Trade Union of Trinidad, he is also Director of the International Bookfair of Black Radical and Third World Books. The interview appears in full in *Scottish Socialist Movement Bulletin* April/May issue, 1995.

3 Poems by *Bobby Christie*

protester

i am sometimes
someone who protests
on streets of Glasgow

red Clydesiders did this also
two generations before me
British tanks came then

George Square has seen much
in future days it will see more
and i will be there

chanting/dancing/cheering

hiker

i am sometimes
someone who walks
in the countryside

across open fields
along pathways i fancy
are known only to me

these pathways take me
away from city/traffic
to a place without rules

now all that can change
our world grows a little smaller

angler

i am sometimes
someone who goes fishing
mostly on wild lochs

where i can set up camp
in moorland glen between mountains
brown trout is what i aim for

game fish taste so fine
do not take any other
don't see the point of killing

what i can't eat
don't see the point of hunting
foxes/badgers for dogs to rip

no humanity in that
no pride

NOTES

Photographs of Pollok Free State and November 5th 1994 demo against the Bill by **George Stewart**.

Illustrations by **Brian Hartley** from the 25th February 1995 demo against the Criminal Justice Act and from the protest against the M77 at Pollok Free State.

Note on the Pollok Free State

From the start of the campaign against the Criminal Justice Act, the road protesters and Glasgow Earth First! -camped in the path of the M77 at Cowglen- were aware that their activities and protests of non-violent direct action would possibly result in arrest and detention under the Act. They have been an integral part of the campaign.

Below, wood carving by **Colin McLeod**, which has become a familiar symbol of the Pollok Free State.



from The Tree of Liberty

Robert Burns

But vicious folk aye hate to see,
The works o' virtue thrive, man;
The courtly vermin's banned the tree,
And grat to see it thrive, man;
King Loui' thought to cut it down,
When it was unco sma', man;
For this the watchman cracked his crown
Cut aff his head and a' man.

For freedom standing by a tree,
Her sons did loudly ca' man;
She sang a song o' liberty,
Which pleased them ane and a', man;
By her inspired, the new born race
She drew avenging steel, man;
The hirelings ran - her foes gied chase,
And banged the despot eel, man.